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If I take this opportunity to tell you what happened,
Will it destroy our unity?
Will there be nothing left to tap into?
I hate to lay this on you, but I've been holding back these tea
rs.
This morning I awakened from a dream so real
It's in my memory and has been for fifteen years,
And I don't mind if you have to tell someone --
I had to tell someone.
That's why I'm telling you.
Times were different then, and I was very young,
But I'm older now.
I'm angry now.
I don't know what to do.
I never thought I'd hate him,
But I've got to tell you brother,
My childhood has been taken.
I know now I was the other lover,
And I fought him the best way I could.
I got the hell out of there but it still cuts me like cold stee
1,
And I split like wood.
Sometimes I wonder if he knows or cares.
And it's alright if you have to tell someone --
I had to tell someone.
That's why I'm telling you.
Times were different then, and I was very young,
But I'm older now.
I'm angry now.
I don't know what to do, he thinks it all surrounds him.
That's just the way it is, don't want my kids around him.
But I can tell you this -- I don't expect you to feel the way I
 feel,
But I didn't know what else to do.
They say these things take time to heal.
I can start by telling you,
I can start by telling you,
I can start by telling you.
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